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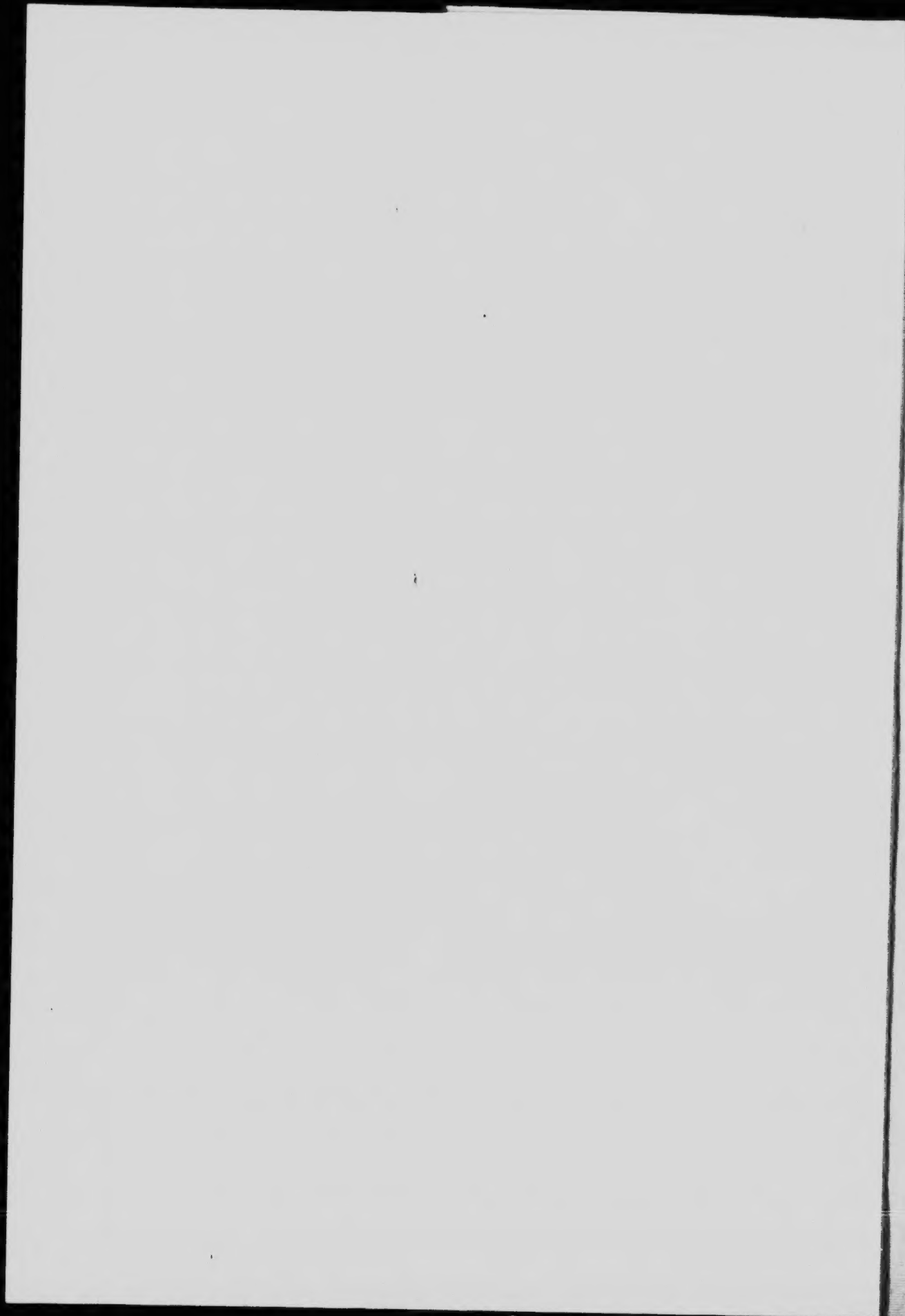
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**The
Canadian Navy**

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P 58503

58703

Sincerely Yours
Minnie Halliwell Brown

The Canadian Navy



BY Words they darken Council in our highest
place today !
Throughout its lofty chambers hear the
Sounding Brasses bray !
What time the Tinkling Cymbals with an echoing
quick refrain
Our patriot gifts to Britain are rehearsing once again.
What are our Leaders doing now — the men we set
to rule !
Think they that we, the Common Folk, are but a
party's tool ?
We will not tamely suffer long the trickster or the
knave,—
And if the Pact be broken, shall recall the power we
gave.
We wait in watchful silence, on the prairie and the
farm ;
Our souls have heard, and answered back Great
Britain's strong alarm.
From depths of lonely forests—in the avenues of trade,
In grim and breathless stillness we survey the men we
made.

Not from the mouths of Suckling Babes heard we
this danger call :

"Behold, the Foe is at the door ! He mines the Sea-
ward Wall !"

But from the lips of Greybeards, men whose character
and years,

Whose ripened judgment well forbids all jesting at
their fears ;

First in the council and in war, with measured words
they show

The mighty forces — deadly guns, the swiftly-
arming foe—

The Weapon, almed at Britain's heart, that ships
alone can meet—

Then bid us use our fullest power to strengthen
England's Fleet.

We watch a Veiled Ambition stand, puffed up with
power and place,

And give our Honour for a price—its secret pride
of race.

What do they know of Honour who can thus estimate
its worth—

A Thing to sell and barter in the markets of the earth !

This Scheme—this Skilled Suggestion—this appeal to
new-born pride,

To round our young Dominion out from ocean tide
to tide—

Obscures the fact at issue, while it bids the nation bow
Before a mighty Destiny—and shirk its Duty now !

Beware ! O, True Canadians ! They bid ye cry
 "All hail !"
 And raise the Golden Image, but—ye bow the knee
 to Baal !
 Take ye no glittering Future, with Dishonour as its base—
 False to your best Traditions, to your Duty and your
 Race.
 They offer rosy fruitage, with the canker at its heart—
 No Ingrate Race shall flourish ; if it wills to stand
 apart
 And watch the Mother meet the grim emergency
 alone—
 It writes its own Death Sentence ; it shall reap as it
 has sown :
 Weighed in God's awful Balances—found wanting in
 that Day,
 The soul already being dead, the body shall decay !
 The "Daughters of the Horseleach" now are heard
 in all the land :
 "Give ! Give !" they cry in chorus and hold out the
 Questing Hand ;
 And One would take the Contracts and Another build
 the Ships.
 And This would feed the Navy or would place the
 Harbour Slips.
 They seek the Loaves and Fishes, but they miss the
 Vital Thing—
 A nation's Truth and Honour, strong links that time
 doth bring—

Of Gratitude and Loyalty, and Love that puts self last
 To bind a growing nation most divinely to its Past—
 Formed by a thousand Hero—deeds wrought out by
 land and sea,

Where Englishmen have fought and died that all men
 might be Free.

Thus would they build a Navy up—cut off from all the
 things

That nerve the feeble arm to fight and give the spirit
 wings—

Forbid by Word of Law to go where Britain's flag
 is borne !

"A Navy !" Save the mark ! to men a Mockery and
 Scorn !

What use is all our strength of life—the learning of
 our schools—

If we can breed us but a race of Ingrates—or of Fools?
 Ingrates ! because we owe our life to Britain's foster-
 ing hand—

That through the growing years has kept and guarded
 all our land :

To Her we owe our splendid strength, our Freedom
 and our Laws—

Who failed us not at hours of need, when foes would
 give us pause !

Why could we walk our peaceful way, or sit at home
 in ease ?

Each English cottage bore the Tax, and Britain held
 the Seas !

They set the tax on man and beast to send the ships
 to sea—
 They did it uncomplainingly that Britons might be free !
 Now ! Shall we keep the money back—when British
 fleets have need,
 And fill our gaping coffers up to satisfy our greed ?
 Give aid to swell a thousand schemes to hold a Horde
 in fee—
 Yet grudge our gold to that great Fleet that keeps our
 country free ?
 Ingrates and "Fools !" Go build your Docks, your
 Navy, an you will !
 No man shall dare to say you "Nay !" for Britain's
 Mistress still !
 Yet think ! What use your gathered Pelf, brief G'ory,
 and Renown—
 If in the hour of sudden strife—Great Britain's flag
 goes down ?
 Your little ships, too weak to aid—too far—for telling
 blow—
 Your land the rich and helpless Prey of conquered
 Britain's foe !
 And, Brothers of another Tongue, who deem our
 urgency vain—
 How would ye bear the galling chains that bind
 Alsace-Lorraine ?
 Can we behold Great Britain's need without an answer-
 ing thrill—
 Or feel the Menace in the air and bid our hearts be still ?

O, for a Man ! to stand for us within our Council Hall,
 With good red blood in heart and veins—and answer
 England's call !
 To cut the Party questions from This Question all
 should feel,
 And sever Truth from Falsehood with the sweep of
 polished steel :
 Nor prate of "Finished work at Home," as though
 our goal were won !
 (Thus should be keep our house, nor leave the wider
 work undone.)
 No Opportunist ! but a Man ! to give—and Now—
 Today !
 To meet the danger as it comes, and hold the Ocean
 Way !
 Pour out the millions—Not a Gift—part Payment that
 we Owe !
 Then, build the true Canadian fleet with healthy
 growth and slow.
 Yea ! build the linkèd navies up—in concert—One
 to be !
 To hold that Vital Cord of Life—the Empire of the
 Sea !

There is no Flag in all the world save Britain's blood-
 red Cross
 That guards pure Justice, Honour, Truth ; and keeps
 the Weak from Loss.

That gives the Poor the Righteous Law, that lifts the
 Bitter Wrong,
 And champions in the war of life, the Weak against
 the Strong !
 What other Nation Keeps its Pact though all its world
 should fall ?
 What Other leaves the ease of life to follow Duty's
 call !
 Honor and Duty ! Noble Stars ! by which our Race
 is led !
 God grant their double light may shine forever over-
 head.

* * * *

Almighty God ! Who from High Heaven doth give
 each Race its Day—
 Thou hast the nations in Thy Hand, to bound their
 power and sway !
 At Thy Command they rise from dust—Thine Arm doth
 lift them higher.
 Thou move'st the Golden Candlesticks, and lo ! their
 Lights expire !
 Give Thou this Nation grace to see its Duty and its
 Way—
 To read "the Writing on the Wall" while yet it is
 its Day.

M. H. B.